

Doctor Fears for America; Her Soil Is Fed By the Wrong Type 'Monopolistic' Fertilizer

By SIGMAN BYRD
The Stroller

DR. JULIAN L. FULLER, who for the past 40 years has waged a war of attrition against the fertilizer trust, took time out from his campaigns a few days ago to write his autobiography.

Actually, he dictated the 75,000-word opus in two days and a night in his apartment at the Ambassador, wearing out a battery of stenographers who worked in four-hour shifts. The doctor himself never stopped until the job was done, except to change stenographers, light a fresh cigar and break open another fifth of 100-proof bourbon. "Only a young man could do that," boasts Dr. Fuller, who is 85 and says he expects to live another 45 years.

He looks as if he might make it, too, for he is as hale and hearty as a college quarterback, has never been to a doctor and has never taken a dose of medicine in his life.

Starts With Bang

Any publisher who fails to grab an available option on Dr. Fuller's book is a chump. I read only



BYRD

the first chapter, but in that he tracks down a man who swindled his father and is about to rub the man out when a hidden gunman beats him to the execution. Then there is a lynching, in which a female private-eye shoots the rope in two, but fails to save the victim because he is hanging over a blazing fire in a barbecue pit.

Now that the book is finished, Dr. Fuller returns to the fray, armed this time with the hope that nuclear fission may yet defeat the American Agricultural Chemical Co. This hope he bases on reports of tremendously increased crop yields in fields sprinkled with gamma dust by the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs. The reports, he says, only bear out his contention that what food-crop lands need is not conventional phosphorus - nitrogen - potassium fertilizers (PNK), but a chemical primer to make soils give up their plant food.

Forsakes Babies

After delivering his Calhoun County, Mo., patients of 1001 babies, Dr. Fuller retired from medical practice 30 years ago to devote full time to a search for the key to unlock America's soils. He found the key in Culberson County, Texas—a deposit of colloidal sulphur. Experiments with the help of farmers and government agricultural stations from Canada to Panama showed the stuff did the work. At \$2.50 a

ton it produced bumper crops in any soil.

But in trying to market the stuff, Dr. Fuller ran headlong into AMERAG. "The trust was controlled by the German potash interests, who had actually written the American law governing the content of commercial fertilizers," he explains. "I made a little headway over the years, but not much. AMERAG had millions where I had hundreds. It's an American corporation now, but look what it's doing to the American people."

Good Old Days

"Seventy-five years ago, when most folks lived in the country and derived their food from natural, unfertilized soil, people had enduring teeth and eyesight. Dentists were scarce and opticians unknown. People were healthy, and doctors couldn't make a living. Now with 75 per cent of our population crowded into cities, we build skyscrapers for the exclusive use of physicians, dentists and ophthalmologists."

"Our teeth decay, our eyesight fails, and we suffer from hypertension, arthritis, neuritis, rheumatism and malnutrition. All because we now derive our foodstuffs, principally vegetables, from highly fertilized truck farms where the ingredients in commercial fertilizer, used to supply nitrogen, take the place of minerals we and the plants need

so badly—lime, magnesium, potash, soda, and sulphur. The result is a quick, forced, watery vegetable plant, lacking in flavor and substance."

Dr. Fuller says there is a deposit of colloidal sulphur near Heckley that could virtually revitalize the soils, food crops and people of the nation, but with only 45 years to live he does not plan to exploit it. "Radioactivity will do the same thing," he says, "and maybe faster—if only the scientists will get the lead out of their pants."

MRS. L. L. PURSEL, who sells The Watchtower and Awake Ye, in front of Schulte-United, Main at Prairie, told me confidentially when the end of the world is coming, and I promised to keep the actual date off the record. But I think I can say without betraying a confidence, and in Mrs. Purse's own words, that the time is at hand.

A number of other persons in the metropolitan area share Mrs. Purse's secret and are preparing for the last trumpet call in the Kingdom Halls on North Main, on Shepherd drive and in Pasadena, where Mrs. Purse lives.

Chooses Customers

Wearing a bright yellow dress and white shoes, her keen blue eyes frequently upturned as if she is watching for a sign in the

Strolling

(Continued From Page One)

heavens, gray-haired Mrs. Purse does not urge her pamphlets on every passer-by. She waits for the man or woman with the sympathetic eye, the face bearing the marks of one athirst for knowledge. To such, she explains:

"Prophecy is being fulfilled in the face of the people, and they can't see it. There are wars and rumors of wars, food famines and spiritual famines. The Scripture says, 'When ye see these things fulfilling, know ye that the end is near, even at the door.'"

What is bringing matters to a head, Mrs. Purse adds, is the paper shortage. She had only three Watchtowers and two Awake Ye's. "And the Communists print thousands and thousands of their terrible papers and little books. Why is that? It's prophecy—'Ye shall be hated,' it says."

One day the Watchtowers and Awake Ye's will all be gone, the supply exhausted. Mrs. Purse knows that. But she isn't afraid. She's ready.

(Turn to STROLLING, Page 6)